

THE
PRINCE
OF
WALES:
A
POEM.

*Nescia Mens hominum fati sortisque futura,
Et servare modum rebus sublata secundis;
Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallanta.*———Virg. *Æn. lib. 10. v. 531, &c.*

—— *Magis in dubijs hominem spectare periclis
Convenit, adversisque in rebus noscere qui sit:
Nam veræ voces tum demum pectore ab imo
Ejiciuntur, & eripitur Persona, manet Res.* Lucr.

*Magne Pater Divum, sevos punire Tyrannos
Haud magis, hac ratione, potes, (cum dira Libido
Moverit Ingenium ferventi tincta Veneno;)
Virtutem ut videant, intabescantque relicta.*
Pers. Sat. III. v. 35, &c.

L O N D O N,

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THE
PRINCIPLES
OF
POLITICAL ECONOMY

By J. B. SEYMOUR
Author of "The Principles of Political Economy"
and "The Principles of Political Economy"
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THE
PRINCE
OF
WALES, &c.

KINGS without Scepters, a pretended Heir,
The *Churchmans* Zeal, the *Politicians* Care,
Muse, from their Causes faithfully declare.
Of Titles, Births, and Miracles I sing,
Two Womens Labor of an Upstart King.

The Prayers are heard, the empty Crown descends
On *James* his Brow, and fasten'd to his Friends:
Old Mother Church securely lifts her drooping Head,
The *Panthers*, and Uncivil Beasts are fled:
All things, kind as their Wishes in the Bloom,
Ripe by the Conduct of the Court and Rome;
Doubts disappear, at the committed charge
To Father *Peters*, and to Cousin *George*:
Securely, where no Gripes of Conscience rest,
The Statesman's trusted and the Crafty Priest.

Soon as the King was from his Pomp releas'd,
 Scarce were the Echoes of the People ceas'd;
 Scarce cold his Kisses, and scarce dry the Oyl,
 That on his Temples, with the Blessing fell.
 But Care (not unacquainted with a Crown,
 To him not kinder, nor to him less known :)
 Fast, from the busy lower Regions flies,
 His Thoughts unloosen, and unseals his Eyes:
 When, lo! three Spectre's hideous appear;
 Bow to his Eye, low, and salute his Ear.

The *first*, shrill as the Trumpets on the Plain,
 That heat the Warrior, and increase the Slain;
 With Steps scarce made, and a disdainful Mein;
 From her hard Breasts two Springs support her Chin,
 Springs, not of Steel, but of hot Brass design'd,
 Which double Frontlets to her Temples bind;
 Sharp was her Visage, and a lofty Look,
 Which Terror much, and less of Love provoke;
 Hot Lust upon her Palms does still abide,
 Such Airs, such is the portly Gait of Pride.

On this side, Superstition in a Hood
 Of Sable, sprinkled with the Martyrs Blood:
 A jolly Face, and Cheeks unus'd to want,
 Each motion made the loaded Belly pant;
 Full was the Presence, Idleness the Prop,
 All over Churchman in the Chest and Crop.

With thoughtful Brow, and with a cunning Leer,
 Ambition does on th' other side appear;
 Stern Countenance sat on his Frightful Hew,
 Torn Wrecks, and frustrate Hopes about him flew;
 Low, fawning, were his first Addresses made,
 A Toss, superbly thrown, advanc'd his Head,
 And swift o'er the abject Incumbrances he tread. }

The Vision nothing new appear'd, but Fate
 That still suspends the rig'rous Doom o'th' Great:

Upon his Soul Prophetick Instincts shone;
He starts, and sighs, and fainted on his Throne.

Pride, in a form too well belov'd, disguis'd,

Hastes to him falling, and his Body rais'd:

What Cares, dear Sir, thus suddenly surprize?

Full as our Wishes, are our mutual Joys:

Nor want they Number, and these are not few,

Speak, Monarch; oh declare what Troubles you.

Scarce ended, but the cunning Fiend supply'd

Ld. J.

The breeding Thoughts, as yet unborn, of Pride:

'And what, Great Sir, what can your Peace disturb!

'And who shall venture, but your Thoughts, to Curb?

'Mark, but how *Lewis* awfully commands,

'No faucy Commons his Designs withstands;

'But uncontroul'd,—— You uncontroul'd shall be,

'And make your Will alone Necessity;

'With less of Power, nor yet with less success,

'When *London* Flam'd,—— no matter whose Advise.——

'Your Friends deep in the Guilt, you bravely, freed

'From the harsh Fate, the Senate had decreed;

'And, when 'twas necessary to conceal,

'Ne'er wanted Agents to supply your Will:

'You now can only reassume the Power,

'Your Arbitrary Tools advanc'd before:

'What Laws were wanting? Or what Lives deny'd? .

'Did Justice Rule? Or Equity decide?

'Was Honesty rewarded with Success,

'That durst the Enterprize in hand oppose?

'This the old Charters up resign'd, confess.

'And the deep Fines extorted of your Foes.

'Ev'n I, the humblest of your Creatures, try'd,

'Bold as the daringst here, the Reins to guide;

'For Right or Power was always on your side.

'And what is Right, with twenty Trifles more,

'But species of the universal Name of Power?

'Fair be the warning to the busy Fools:

'That parcel Power, and straiten it by Rules.

'Be just ye Heavens! and if I Live to see

'A Rebel question it, tho' on his Knee;

B

And

‘ And not pursue him, as I would the Hand,
 ‘ That burnt th’ Abhorring Coif, I may be found
 ‘ Dead in a Goal, and rotten on the Ground. }

*Far be th’ Event, far the Occasion be,
 Reply’d the Counterfeit of Sanctity :
 What many Hearts, and many Hands design,
 The only help is still to Countermine ;
 Lewis by Piety does Power rear,
 Be Pious, Monarch, and be Lewis here.
 Wisely he joyns the Churches Interest ;
 And lifts himself by that, as that o’er-tops the rest.
 Be yours the Trial, and Advance her too ;
 Dragoons let Argue, and let Troopers Woo.
 Tedious the Chase by Power of Preaching is,
 Convince by Bullets, and with Swords increase :
 Nor doubt th’ Event, for Rome and Lewis will
 Confirm the Practice, and your Power Seal.*

Fa. P.

’Tis (said the King, now rising on his Throne)
 Plainly you Reason, and you Argue strong.
 But should (e’en Princes wait their destin’d Hour,
 And Death hastes after limping Age afore)
 Should I, and not the Basis settled, Die,
 The Ruins would my dearest Friends destroy.

*Far be that Day, far hence kind Heavens ordain ;
 Late, said the Hood, Late take him to his upper Reign :
 And may a Son, Heir of your Merits be design’d ;
 To fill your Throne long warm e’er he ascend :
 All doubts will Vanish at the Early Sun,
 The Panthers hopes, with Morning Dews, be flown :
 Be (said the King, discharging of his Throne)
 The Counsel yours, and Heaven’s and Ours the Care.
 He spake, thrice Bowing to his Ivory Chair ;
 The Apparitions sink and Disappear.*

With heavy Hearts, and symptoms of Despair ;
 Three years in vain, are spent without an Heir,

No promis'd Harvest of a fruitful Womb,
 To fix the Church, or to establish *Rome*;
 And what alas! and what must then become
 Of Mother *Church*, with all her numerous Brood,
 Which o'er the Land, like *Pharaoh's* Vermin, Crowd:
 When the dear faithful Son, wh' already droops:
 Or under Years, or under Marble stoops?
 Shall the Lov'd Darling of the *Panther* come,
 Re'nstablish her again, and Banish *Rome*?
 Shall she, the early Fruits of Youthful Love,
 Whose shining Vertues do all Affections move;
 So fam'd for Piety, so Young, so Good,
 With every Charm, and every Grace endu'd:
 Shall she return? — No it must never be;
 Haste, take your Wands, ye *Babels* Progeny,
 Divine, conjure, raise some new Vapours here,
 That they ne'er find the Way, or ne'er appear.
 What's to be done? No Heir! Must all be lost?
 The shatter'd Wrecks upon the Billows tost;
 And only here and there, lie sprinkled on the Coast.
 No, this last Game shall with more Skill be Play'd,
 Rightful or not, an Heir there must be had.

The Sun was hid, and only Vapours seen;
 An Arbour holds the Melancholy Queen:
 Cool was the Shade, the Circling Boughs Embrace;
 And Consecrate to Lust, the hallow'd Place:
 Here, in cool Evenings when the Sun was down,
 An Exhalation, or a Spirit shone;
 Monstrous his shape, and terrible his sight;
 Inhaunc'd by the approaches of the Night;
 And now it comes, see how the Roses fade,
 The Lillies droop, and every Flower, their Head;
 The silent Birds no Ev'ning Vespers sing;
 But gentle Murmurs from the Bushes spring:
 Four Arms, two Bodies mix'd, Muses decline
 To show the Features of this Bird obscene;
 His Orisons with joyful sounds begin,
 Startle at first, but after please the Queen:
 She, as the ominous Procession mov'd,
 Saw the Devotion, and the hint improv'd.

The

The Time is come, and *Albion* shall fear,
 The fatal Blessing of a *Roman* Heir;
 And since it is deny'd the Queen to fill
 The future empty Throne, another may as well.

Now Royal *Molly*, and the Lady G—,
 The Reck'ning keep, and hasten to the Day;
 Eight tedious Months the Queen, but she another,
 Unequal starts, yet both Arrive together.
 The Day at last is come, but who appear?
 Why not the Bishops, and the Council here?
The Bishops, under Favour Sir, are rude;
And obstinately the Design withstood;
'Sides Sir, who knows the fatal Influence
Their coming might have on the Infant Prince,
Were not his Blood true-Royal? — as some say—,
And 'twould be very wofull, should it be;
These, like the Cuckoo's, that for others lay,
Should cheat themselves, and foist in Heresy.

And now the Labor, and the Labour's come,
 To act it artfully, Command the Room,
 And from the Parsly-Bed bring Infant home.
What's there no Birth! 'Tis an Abortive Queen,
 Yes, the next Warming-Pan shall bring it in.
 — Strange! 'Tis soon over; what a squeak was there,
 To bring forth such a weighty Blessing as an *English* Heir.
 At last thou'rt Born; and tho' with little Pain,
 Who doubts Heaven did thee for a Prince design,
 Whose Mother is, or shall become a Queen?
 A Martyr, or a shining Confessour,
 A Crown of Gold, or Crown of Thorns shall wear,
 If thy true Mother be the Confessour:
 How shall she Nurse thee? And how, Infant, rear?
 Her barren Breasts their Milk deny; sad chance,
 'Tis Nature's Arbitrary Act-de-France.
Just Law, the early Mischiefs to prevent,
Punish the Tyrant with the Instrument
Which he for others Ruine did invent.

But if the Martyr justly claim thy Birth,
 Strange Love it Argues, or uncommon Zeal,
 To give her Life, th' Imposture to Conceal,
 And make her Son, a Monarch on the Earth.

An unpropitious Morn brought in the Day,
 The *Cheat's* detected, and the Actors fly:
 The Jealous Nations in a Wise affright,
 Call in a *Saviour*, and assert their Right.
 The Conscious Instruments, pursu'd by Fear,
 Follow their shadows, and the Billows near,
 Hoist the Main-Sails, and scud the Chanel o'er.
 The Royal Barge at once does bear within,
 Confessor dup'd, th' Ambassador of Sin,
 The Prince, their Fortune, and th' affrighted Queen:
 To *France* they fly, *France*, the dear loving Brother,
 Who other-sort of Interviews design'd;
 And the inverted sails should bear him hither,
 Swel'd with the Blasts of *Arbitrary Wind*.

Beware ye Lillies of the *English* Rose,
 Nor *Edwards* Arms forget, nor *Gallia's* Throws,
 In what Convulsions the Sick Land did Groan,
 Till she near teem'd of an Abortive Crown.
 The fruitful Hills, and the delightful Vales,
 With the fat Glebes, and with the Western Gales
 Have many Cyons bred, deriv'd from *Wales*.
 There taught to Conquer, and to triumph there,
 With trusty Sword, and with the faithful Spear,
 Return victorious home, Trophies design,
 And Palms, and Laurels to their *Feathers* joyn.

What Policy workt in the subtile Head,
 To own a Monarch from his Honours fled?
 Was it the Vindication of his own,
 To justify the *Title* to the Crown?
 And every Doubt, or just Suspicion smother,
 Left one *Impostor* should bewray another?
 Or to foment the Troubles of the Land,
 And Countenance by Pow'r, and Hopes, the *Band*?
 Foyld be thy Measures, blasted thy Design,
 Let Shame and Treach'ry thy Infamy joyn;

May they consume thy Treasures and thy Store;
 Exhaust thy Purse, till thou canst give no more,
 And then unpity'd Beg from Door to Door:
 In vain thou try'st thy foisted Trump to bring,
 England already knows a *Darling* King.

Timely beware, Youth; timely all his Friends
 Retain the Chariot in, and curb the Reins:
 So * *Simmel*, wisely (baulk'd in his Design)
 Shook off the Longings of a distant Crown;
 Long distant from his Reach, and vain as thine.
 Humble he fell, and from the Sword and Bow,
 Commenc'd a *Turnspit* in the Kitchen low.
 Do not thy Fortune for last Favours try,
 Lest, should she from thee, as from * *Perkin* fly,
 You end a *Traytor*, on the Gallows high:
 The Massy Crowns belong alone to Kings;
 Fly, ye unhallow'd, fly; they're sacred things.

Enough of Satyr Muse, now change the Quill;
 Describe the Hero, with thy Noblest Skill:
 Search Heav'n's Decrees, in charming Tunes declare
 Their own, and every Guardian Angel's Care;
 Possess thy Poet with a sacred Flame,
 To sing in Numbers, lasting as his Fame.

*The Vertuous Acts, th' Immortal, and the Great,
 Poets alone are worthy to relate:
 Poets, whose Souls the precious Heav'n's inspire
 With brighter Flames, and with a purer Fire;
 That what it self has made its Darling Care:
 May in its finest Colours to the World appear.*

Ye Guardian Spirits within th' eternal Verge,
 Assist, and all ye Heav'nly Hosts above;
 The early Orphan, was your early Charge;
 Your Charge deriv'd from his Protectors Love.

Sing Muse, with what Almighty Pow'r, it was
 Heav'n did him rescue, and assert his Cause:
 How the Bright Rayes of Wisdom, did dispel
 The Damps of Malice to the Mines of Hell:

* *Two Imposters.*

How on their destin'd Heads the Thunders hur'd,
To save the Man, that was to save the better World.

To what hard Trials his first years inur'd,
Yet how in Fortunes sharpest Blasts secur'd!
His Soul untainted in the God-like Form,
That always bright appear'd behind the storm:
Possess'd of all the Vertues of his Race;
Great without Pow'r, and Glorious in *Disgrace*.

Heav'ns! Can this be the Fortune of Nassau,
To whose Protecting Ancestors they owe,
Their Lives, Religion, and their Country too!
With just Resentment, and with promis'd Aid,
He might on the ungrateful Nations Head
Aveng'd his Honours, and his Rights betray'd:
Yet by Heav'ns Succour, Nobly shun'd the Bait,
And Scorn'd without his Honour to be Great:
That, taught him private Int'rest to Despise;
Secur'd in Fate by Nobler steps to rise.

By halves we judge, unknowing what's to come,
And hastily prevent th' Almighty's Doom;
Till happy Issues late Events declare,
How Heav'n is Faithful, and how Rash we are.

The infant World in wild Disorder lay,
And all the Marks of Horror did display,
Before the jarring Seeds, by Pow'r reclaim'd,
This just Machine harmoniously fram'd.

Say, when the Bullet graz'd upon the Ground,
How Crowds of Guardian Angels did appear,
Disarm'd of Death, it gave a feeble Wound;
So near the Danger, and so sure the Care.

What Form! What Heav'nly Form is this appears!
Say quick, O say, before I'm blind with Tears;
With Tears of Joy, and sad Reflections made:
Ah happy! — hah! Where is the Vision fled,
And all the Robes of Light that Grac'd her Head?
She's gone, for ever gone! —

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Thus Heav'n before was savingly profuse,
 So great the Blessing, and so short the Use;
 Thus shin'd while she was lent to Earth awhile,
 So ripe for Heav'n, and so untimely fell;
 To us indeed untimely, for thou wert
 The Everlasting Joy of ev'ry Heart:
 Thy *William's*, and the Nations other Part.
 From thee our Happiness and Blessings flow,
 Th' eternal Bond of *England* and *Nassau*.
 Heav'ns! had you but a Race from these design'd,
 That should through long revolving Ages tend:
 With all Hereditary Rayes endu'd,
 Like *William* Glorious, and like *Mary* Good. —
 But we're unworthy; — and the Fates withstood.
 Now undisturb'd the Shepherd *Idle*, Tunes
 His Merry Pipe, and cools the scorching Noons,
 Beneath some shady Oak securely lies,
 And sings *Nassau*, his *Phillis*, and the *Skies*,

When grateful Nations, fav'd from all that's Ill,
 A Hero shall in future Ages show,
 Then Songs, and every Joyous Muse shall tell,
 He acted like a *William* and *Nassau*.

Ye fruitful Fields, and all ye Forests, sing;
 Ye rising Spires your Acclamations ring;
 And all ye gilded Turrets, your Oblations bring.
 And from the utmost Limits of the Land:
 Loud as the Thunders, let your Voice the Heavens rend:
 Let every Hill, and every Vale rebound,
 The wellcome Tidings, and the happy Sound;
 For, Echo joyful when the Billows roar,
 Sits *Halcyon*-like upon the Peaceful shoar;
 And word for word does faithfully restore.

Hence Echo, bear it to the Court of Fame,
 From World to World, and Ages yet to come, proclaim.

F I N I S.

ERRATA.

Page five Line thirty, for *This* Read *Let*.

Here is lately Printed, *The Poet Banter'd: Or, Ovid in a Vizard. A Burlesque Poem on his Art of Love.* Printed for A. Baldwin in Warwick-Lane. Price Six Pence.